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JUNE, 1947

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

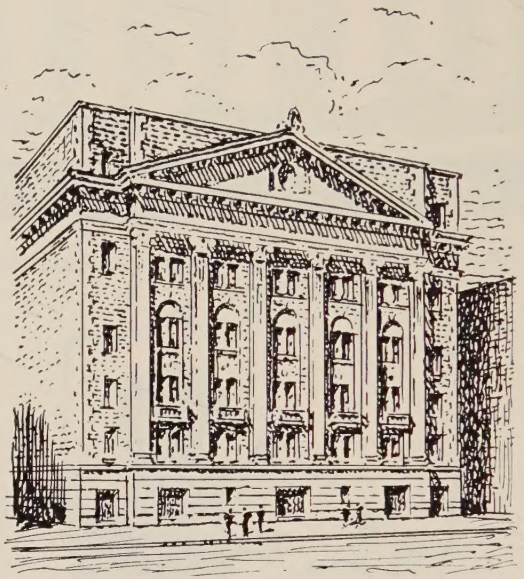
Sunshine and Music

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

Anonymous

(From "Silver Linings" Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **June, 1947** *Number 3*

My Creed

My Creed is: stars,
And wild birds flying;
October winds
And hills low-lying;

The late March snows
And April's waking,
With orchard trees
Their pink wealth shaking;

A red-brown road
From towns far leading
Through vistas wide—
Old cares unheeding;

A plain, sweet hut
By meadows waiting
For hearts grown tired
Of human hating;

Old-fashioned flowers,
And rains light-tapping;
Wide, sandy shores
And bright waves flapping.

So here's my creed—
And how I love it!—
Beauty in earth,
And God above it!

From "Home Roads and Far Horizons"
by Thomas Curtis Clark

The Good, the True, the Beautiful

Our Only Creed

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

35th YEAR

Sunday Morning Service.....11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Closing for the summer June 8th. Re-opening September 14th

Sunday Evening Service (November through Easter).....7:30 o'clock

Church School of Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.
Closing for summer June 8th. Re-opening September 14th)

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter).....8:00 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WLS—Every morning at 9:30 (Monday through Friday), ABC Network. Over 200 stations in the U.S. and Canada.

"Hymns of All Churches" Program.

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday)

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11:00 to 12:30.

Beginning with June 15th, and throughout the summer, Dr. Bradley will be heard over WJJD in a short sermon from 11 to 11:15 every Sunday morning.

LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE OPENS JUNE 27TH

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

TWENTY-THREE years ago a handful of ambitious young people, under the inspiration of Dr. Bradley and the genius and leadership of J. Bradley-Griffin, started a little theatre group in The Peoples Church. Thus began The Uptown Players who have now grown into an organization producing plays of a distinctly professional calibre and training talented young men and women for careers in all branches of the theatre.

Many times during these twenty-three years The Uptown Players have received recognition for their outstanding work in little theatre. The most recent was the offer of a civic-minded citizen of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to build them an outdoor theatre on the shore of the lake if they would produce a series of plays there this summer. Eagerly they set to work to draw up plans, out of which has evolved the Luzern Garden Theatre, which will open officially on Friday, June 27. Dr. Bradley will officiate at the formal

opening and dedication. The theatre is ideally situated on the east shore of Lake Geneva and will seat approximately 370 people. A short flight of flagstone steps brings one to the lovely gardens just outside the low stone wall surrounding the theatre. Upon entering the gates into the theatre, one's eye is immediately attracted to the beautiful, completely enclosed stagehouse at the far end of the amphitheatre, whose stone facade matches the garden wall. On each side of the proscenium is a beautiful garden plot, triangular in shape. In this lovely setting, wafted by cool breezes from Lake Geneva, The Uptown Players offer "Theatre Under the Stars."

Mr. Bradley-Griffin, Director of The Uptown Players, announces a twelve-week season of Broadway "hit" shows, opening on Friday, June 27, with "Arsenic and Old Lace." The season will run through September 15, with a new production opening every Friday and playing Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings.

Since no summer theatre is complete without a training school and classes, The Bradley-Griffin Summer Workshop offers two five-week semesters beginning June 23. The Summer Workshop will be located in Stonemanor, the beautiful million-dollar estate of the late Otto Young, and will provide ample accommodations for 75 boarding students. Here a well trained, experienced faculty, headed by J. Bradley-Griffin, will conduct classes in acting and characterization, voice and diction, scenic design, make-up, costume design, fencing, interpretation, radio, television, and modeling. Mr. Bradley-Griffin also plans to present a series of interesting tea programs in the beautiful and spacious ballroom of Stonemanor, with its Italian marble pillars, gorgeous crystal chandelier, parquet floor, and frescoed ceiling.

The Uptown Players and the Bradley-Griffin Summer Workshop will be happy to furnish detailed information upon request. Just drop them a postcard at The Luzern Garden Theatre or Stonemanor, Lake Shore Drive, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

(For regular Players' Schedule see page 23)

OUR FIRST DUTY

OUR first business is to take some portion of the earth's surface and make it beautiful and habitable and fruitful. We can do nothing nobler than to say, "I shall clear a space in the world's wilderness and plant there the seeds of truth, love, justice." When all of us say and do that, the entire earth will be redeemed and made happy and useful. Each one, doing his own work, minding his own business, will bring this to pass.

Our first duty is to make the most of ourselves; bring all our powers to the highest point of efficiency; to cultivate minds deep and clear enough to reflect truth. Each must make for himself a world like the spider, spun from his own substance.

Dr. E. S. C. Wicks
(From October Liberalist, 1930)

"TRUTH TRIUMPHANT"

EASTER SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
April 6, 1947

"WHAT a year for Easter! We look back across the centuries at the dawn of the first Easter day as we understand it in the Christian tradition, and we find a world quite similar to the world that we are in today. It was all confused in its international relationships, a great Empire was reaching out and taking unto itself every known civilized part of the world. There was difficulty, economic and industrial tragedy and travesty, and it had an Easter day. And that day dawned in one of the darkest eras of all human history, for the period in which the Galilean lived was one of the most critical thus far in the history of civilization and comparable, in many respects, to our own. And this morning I listened on the radio and heard the portrayal of the conventional and traditional Easter setting, with all of the phrases about "He Lives!" "Christ reigns!" "Christ is triumphant!" with all the singing of the very spirited and triumphant anthems of great choirs, and one of the most beautiful things that I heard this morning was the voice of Lawrence Tibbett . . . and then what do you suppose happened? There we were across the nation, Arlington Cemetery with its thousands, Garden of the Gods with their thousands under the shadow of Pike's Peak, the Hollywood Bowl with its thousands, there we were, listening to all this about Easter, all these lovely phrases and all these beautiful sermons and all this great music, when suddenly, on one of the chains to which I was listening at the close of one of the services, a voice said: "We will now have fifteen minutes of news." Well, I said to myself, I might as well listen to that too, and so I did not tune off my radio. Now here is the picture: on one side "Hallelujah, Christ is risen! He lives!" On the other "Fifteen minutes of news:" Murders! Floods! Black market! John L. Lewis! Telephone strike! Russia! Truman! I listened, I heard the cries of the thousands of little children on the streets of Shanghai whose parents could not even bury their bodies, starving to death. The first of the week I listened and heard the voices of widows and orphans weeping at the biers of fathers and husbands who were murdered in a coal mine from somebody's negligence. I listened to the restlessness and the suspicion in the voice that brought the news, that we were shaping up to an industrial crisis in America and that if the Government did not take over the telephone industry of this country before six o'clock the next morning (together with the fact that the miners were not going back into these mines whether Mr. Krug closed them or not), that it might mean the beginning of a demonstration in our nation such as we have never known up until now. I listened to all that and I said to myself, "I have got to preach an Easter sermon, and what a time for Easter! What a day for Easter!"

Now ladies and gentlemen, I want to get one thing straight. Let's get it straight so there will be no misunderstanding and no subterfuge about it at all. If all this Easter business means just ceremony or an ecclesiastical pe-

riod in the life of institutional Christianity, or if it means a new hat, or parading down Michigan Avenue so your picture will be on the pages of the newspapers tomorrow, or if it means crowding the great cathedrals and the great churches with people singing and shouting hymns that "He Lives!" while the rear wall of the church or cathedral backs up against a slum where rats crept over the face of a sleeping child last night . . . if all this Easter business is display and if it is all singing, beautiful as songs are, and the soothing words of conventional phrases and ideas about the physical resurrection of Jesus, if all this is just another repetition of a certain period in the calendar of the Christian Church, if this is what it means to you and you have come here, or are listening, thinking that that is what it means to me, you are all going to be very much disappointed. And I warn some of you who are listening now, you had better tune off your radios because it may get a little warm for some of you before I get through. The folks listening, can do it, they don't have to stay by me at all. Now, with the thousands who are here in this Church, there is nothing you can do about it, you are going to sit right here and take it, and if any of you attempt to get out before I get through, there will be an usher at the door with the offering basket. This may be the strangest kind of Easter sermon that you have ever heard and you may not come back until next year, but you will get something out of this one that may last you probably until next year, so it does not matter whether you come back before next year or not, you may have to have a year to digest what I am going to say.

I am literally fed-up, sick and tired with Christians playing at Christianity. I am getting weary and tired of taking the great fundamental truths that the Galilean gave to the world and coronating those truths into conventional phrases, ceremony, customs and traditions for a Sunday service or an Easter day, and then forgetting it Monday morning at nine o'clock! No wonder the world is in the mess it is in. No wonder. Statistics tell us that there are over 700 million Christians in the world, and every one of those Christians today is shouting from the housetops, "He lives! He lives!" and they are giving arguments to try to prove the physical resurrection of Jesus and quarreling among themselves about that, and they are talking in terms of the tradition and the custom of this whole Easter situation, and right in the presence of nearly 20 centuries of this Christ that they say lives today, the world is in worse shape than it has ever been in all of its history; more hunger, more poverty, more crime, more vice, more sin, more trouble, more darkness than the world has ever known in its history is upon us, and 700 million Christians cry, "He lives! He lives!"

What does that mean? Now, let us get down to brass tacks, let's just talk right out loud. What does that mean? "He Lives!" Is it enough? Is it enough that he came out of a tomb? What does it mean when we say "He lives!?" Take yourself, you live. What does that mean? You live, you are alive, you think, you eat, and there is action in your life, *ACTION!* I maintain it is not enough for the world of Christianity merely to shout "He lives!" What we ought to be doing is to *PUT INTO PRACTICE, THROUGH ACTION, THE THINGS THAT JESUS CHRIST STOOD FOR WHILE HE LIVED ON THIS EARTH — THEN YOU HAVE GOT AN EASTER!* It is not Easter at all, I don't care how much

music, how many flowers and pretty hats. I don't care how much exuberance we project, Christ lives only when he lives in *Action*. It is not enough just merely to have the traditional idea of Easter. He lives! All right. What does that mean? It means he is out of the tomb. All right, he is out of the tomb. Suppose he should walk into the Foreign Ministers' meeting at Moscow? All right, he is out of the tomb, he lives. Supposing he should walk into the Federal Investigating Committee that is investigating the situation of the environment in which miners have to work tomorrow? All right, he lives, this Christ of ours is alive. You had better be careful; supposing that he walked down the aisle of the United States Senate tomorrow? He is alive, the kind of life that I mean—I don't mean the kind of life that is coronated in a bit of marble, or in statuary, or in stained glass windows, in a creed, or in a church ceremony, or in church traditions or a church custom. Christ lives. This is Easter! What do you think would happen if he walked down the aisle in the House of Representatives tomorrow? What would happen if he sat down beside you at your desk tomorrow and looked over your shoulder? What would happen if he went into a meeting of the Labor Convention or a Labor Union? What would happen when he heard the cries of 32 million young men dead . . . 32 million of them, 12 million in the last war and 20 million in this, 32 million young men! Christ lives! What do you think He would say to us in the Christian tradition on the day when life is coronated and He Lives? What would He say to us who in our cowardice and in our fear are constantly saying to each other, "Well, man has always fought and always will; he is always going to decide his questions with war, so what's the use? It is no use." Or the individual who says "History repeats itself." You cannot believe history repeats itself; and you cannot believe that because man has fought he always will fight and the only way out for man is war; you cannot believe in these two things and believe in Christ! Certainly not a *LIVING* Christ! You cannot believe in those two things, for if you do, you cannot believe in progress and spiritual development and evolution. If you believe those two things, you do not believe any dream man ever had to make a decent, beautiful world out of this our Father's world; then you believe that evil is stronger than good, and you believe that night is more powerful than day, and you may shout that "Christ lives!" from the tallest building in the world and you don't believe it. It is just a saying, it is just an idle phrase upon your lips; for I tell you if you really did believe that Christ lives and would rise above the theological arguments about Christ, if you really did believe that Christ lives in our souls and hearts, there would be such a protest on the part of the Christians of the world, the whole 700 million of them, that they would stand as a unit, not as some individual denomination, not as some creed, but the 700 millions of the world who sing today "Christ lives!" would stand up and you would see what would happen to injustice, to iniquity, to poverty, to war! You would see this Christ not a theological specter in the theories of men, NO! you would see him again with his tear-stained face and his noble brow, his stained robe and bleeding feet; you would see him again feeding the multitude; you would see him dining with Publicans and sinners, and standing again in the glorious majesty of his superb Godlikeness when, shaking his fist, he cried: "Make not of my Fath-

er's House a den of thieves!" Nothing soft about that; nothing weak about that; nothing sentimental about that; nothing traditional about that; what is that? That is a living Christ on Easter! That is what our world is waiting for! There is not a problem commanding the attention of this heart-broken, hungry, starving, fighting, envious, nationalistic world today; there is not one thing this world is facing for which Christ has not the answer. I challenge any one who has made a study of the ethics and the moral philosophy spoken by Jesus Christ to point out one single thing disturbing the heart of the world today where I cannot point you directly to the words of Christ and show you he had the answer.

What is the matter? Twenty centuries of this Christ and it has not happened. There must be something wrong somewhere. I say to you that the defect is not Christ. Don't you dare accuse Him of being wrong, He is not! Don't you dare say something is the matter with Him. There is not a thing! No, you cannot accuse Christ! Then to whom are we to look? To ourselves; we have not meant it; we pray long prayers in our churches and make testimonies and sing and talk about coming to Jesus, getting under the blood; we have great flare-ups of this and that, and the people get all emotionally excited about Christ and his blood, and what happens? What happens? Well, all you need to do is just to listen to fifteen minutes of news—that is all you need to do.

Now, what's the matter? Why should this be? Thank God I am an idealist; I love my dreams and my ideals and my hopes and I, who am an incorrigible dreamer, I never believed more in one world than I believe this morning. I never believed more in peace; I never believed more in Easter; I never believed more in the potentiality of the human spirit than I believe now! I never believed more in humanity, in God, in the spiritual genius of Christ than I do now. I may have sounded, this morning, as though I were soured and fearful and a trifle scolding. . . . No, my hopes, my dreams are just as vivid and bright as they ever were because I can feel now the stirrings in the unconscious world, the underneath world, stirrings that Christ is really going to live again! He is going to touch nations and there will be personalities come out of those nations whose names you never heard of, from Germany, Japan, China, Britain, Russia, America . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, we are on the threshold of the greatest spiritual world-wide upheaval the world has ever known! The Spirit of Christ is alive, it is not dead; it is Easter, and we propose to project the Spirit of Christ! We are not satisfied with our songs, we are uncomfortable with our platitudes and our prayers; they are haunting us, the poor, the sick, the hungry, the enslaved, the starving—they are haunting us, we cannot stand it much more, we Christians. The Church must let go, it *MUST LET GO SOON!* There are tremulous hours ahead for us. The Easter truth is triumphant and it is eternal. Christ lives, but only when he lives in my heart and yours to make the world he died for his Father's Kingdom! That's when he lives, and until then the rest is words and mockery. And I see the glow and the beauty and the glory of that hope as I have never seen it before in my ministry.

Doctor John H. Jowett, one of the great English ministers, was pastor of a little church on the coast of the North Sea. There in that little parish was an old shoemaker whose particular task it was to keep in repair the shoes

of sailors of the North Sea, and this old cobbler's shop faced a little narrow street with cobblestones. All about him was leather and the smell of leather and old shoes, and the environment and atmosphere of that shop, with the sailors' shoes all about him, the instruments of his work everywhere, and the window in his little shop door opening on a dismal street. Doctor Jowett had noticed something in the face of the old cobbler in his Church; there was something in that man's life that he wanted to know; there was a mystery and a beauty about him that Doctor Jowett wanted to discover. So he called one afternoon and said: "My dear friend, here you are, surrounded by leather, pounding and pegging away at the shoes of the sailors, looking out on the cobblestones; don't you ever get tired of the narrowness of it? What makes you so scintillating and happy?" The old cobbler got up and opened the door and said, "Come with me," and he took him through that door and to the back window of his shop and opening the window he said: "There I can see the full sweep of the North Sea, and when I am at my work and when I am tired, I go to that back window and I throw it wide open and I look at the North Sea and I can go back to my work renewed." Easter is like that. Make it the North Sea; throw open the windows; see the beauty of what ought to be; then we can go back to our work and help create that beauty. That is Easter.

RELIGION

By W. W. W. ARGOW

OLDER than the home is the Temple; older than the workbench is the Altar; older than the sword is the sacrificial fagot; older than the soldier is the Priest; older than written language is spoken prayer; older than painting is the invisible image of a Nameless One.

Religion is the first and last thing. It is the universal language of all human hearts, no matter what their age, race, nationality or creed may be. Though different forms may be employed to visualize that Something which stands beyond, behind and within the passing flux of things, yet is the desire of each man the same. And though different may be the language and symbols used to give meaning to all that passes, the while it eludes apprehension, yet the hearts of all men speak a common language. Though our temperaments differ, yet are we dedicated to one august destiny and united in one common quest for that which is ultimately ideal. Ever the vision leads on, sometimes with many gods, sometimes with one; sometimes with many saviors, sometimes with one; sometimes with a holy land washed by ocean waters, sometimes with holy lands implanted in men's hearts.

Because we are grandly human we shall ever build our altars, offer our prayers, sing our hymns. But more and more shall we learn that beneath all our variations abides an eternal Unity which makes us brothers one of another.

(Reprinted from
June Liberalist, 1930)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

IN a very true sense we are living in an age of miracles, yet all that the modern scientist is doing is revealing that which is already created, and there are more miracles to come than we have ever known. Yet of all the miracles undreamed of, the greatest miracle is you. All this unfoldment came out of man's processes of attacking the unknown, for the purposes of discovery and application. And let us remember that while the scientist can do all these things, yet the scientist himself, eyes, brain, heart, being, soul, is greater than radar. The scientist who, in a swirling sphere, sent in a fraction of a second of time a radar impulse which returned to him in 2½ seconds, is more miraculous than the radar impulses he sent. The scientist himself is the miracle and so are you.

My earliest recollection of life is as a little boy tucked up in bed in our little home in Linden, Michigan. The Midnight Express of the Grand Trunk ran through the village, half a mile from my home. Tucked up in bed at midnight I would hear the long moan of the whistle as the train went through the town, and I wondered what was out there beyond the horizon of that little village, and I said, "Some day I will see that world out there." And that train was an inspiration to me to see that world and to know what was around the bend. So man is in a universe and the sounds of God are in his ears. And man is wondering what that universe is, beyond the rim of the cosmos, and he is being inspired to find it, but the man speaking to you and the little lad who listened for the midnight whistle—they are that universe, and so are you. Personality! What are we doing with that life on this plane? What are you doing with yours and what am I doing with mine? Are we contributing in the practical, everyday experience of reflecting that universe of which we are a part? We belong to the radar impulse; but we live in a world where we can take the hand of a friend, where we can share another's burden, where we can bring a little light to enlighten the darkness; where we can make some tired body rest a little easier. In the universe we know, *there* is the universe of the miracle, and the real universe of your

heart and mine in this time-space consciousness is true, of which Tennyson sung in "In Memoriam":

"Our little systems have their day
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

To those who would seek to penetrate the source of energy in the area of the Creator, enlarge the area of Him in your own hearts, while you are living right now. Let not the overpowering impulses of other miracles deaden you to the miracle found in the heart of a friend.

Charles Russell Wakeley, in a little book called "Brothers All" gives us these lines which he calls "Incompleteness":

Above the structures which we build,
Tower fairer ones unbuilded;
The best creations of our minds
Have never yet been wrought;
Beyond the golden sunsets,
Where the vision seems bewildered,
There stretch the new horizons
Of man's undiscovered thought.

A GLORIOUS EASTER

EASTER was truly triumphant in the Peoples Church. Hundreds of people thronged the church at four great services. At the 11 o'clock service all seats in the choir were filled and the regular church choir was augmented by the Church School Choir. Dr. Bradley had chosen for his subject at that service "Truth Triumphant."

At the afternoon service 25 babies were christened in a dedication service, and a great class of new members were publicly received into membership in the church. In the evening at 7:30 the church was again filled with those who came to hear Dr. Bradley's sermon on immortality, "Eternity in the Heart."

The full church choir sang at all four services of the church including the early morning service at 9 o'clock; the music was unusually beautiful, directed by Mr. Walter Flandorf, and the day was a truly triumphant one in The Peoples Church.

BOOK CHATS

THE first book I bring you was published in April of this year and was written by Agnes Newton Keith, author of "Land Below the Wind." If you have not read "Land Below the Wind," perhaps you should read it first, for it won the 1939 Atlantic Monthly Non-Fiction Prize Contest, over 600 other contenders and was the unanimous choice of the judges. Agnes Newton Keith was born in Chicago. She and her brother studied for spasmodic intervals under changing tutors until high-school age. She later graduated from Venice High School at Venice, California, and later from the University of California at Berkeley, in 1924. She went to work for the San

Francisco Examiner immediately after graduation, and after eight months with that paper she was ALMOST bludgeoned to death by a maniac on the steps of the "Examiner," and spent several years recuperating. In 1934 the author was married to H. G. Keith, Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture of North Borneo, and went out with him to *Sandakan,* Borneo. It was her husband who persuaded her to write a book on her Borneo experience and impressions and to enter it in that contest which she won. She came on here to receive her prize and then shortly returned to Borneo with her husband. Her son George was born in 1940 in Borneo, and on January 19, 1942, the Japanese came ashore at *Sandakan.* From then until September 11, 1945, only a year and a half ago, she, her husband and her son were to live in prison. And it is the story of these years which is told in the book "Three Came Home."

To the thousands of readers of "Land Below the Wind" the author will seem like a personal friend. Agnes Rothery wrote of her in a Herald-Tribune review of the earlier book that she was "funny and sensible, and untrammeled by any reticence." This author is someone you would *like* to know, and someone you feel you *do* know when you read her books; and of course the book will introduce you to her husband Harry and small son George. Pearl Buck has said of the author's writing that "she has a nice mixture of humor, good sense, varied observations, and delicate perceptions, presented in a prose that is always clear and pleasant and very often beautiful." And Harry Hansen, in the New York World Telegram, said of her that "she has the human touch." As Borneo is one of the few strange countries left in the world, those whose interests and curiosity do not stop at their own shore lines will certainly want to read both these books by Agnes Newton Keith, "Land Below the Wind" and "Three Came Home." While Mrs. Keith was in the prison camp, more letters of inquiry were received about her by her publishers than about any other author in recent years; until the Atlantic felt called upon to print, in May, 1943, a card just then received, which the author had written in January, 1942. It was written on the prisoner's form, sending word that she and Harry and George were interned by the Imperial Japanese Army, but they were actually treated as prisoners of war, not as internees. And in this book the whole story is told of what the war did to this engaging, devoted family. In the foreword which the author has written she tells us of being ordered by the Japanese Commander of all Prisoners of War to write "The Life and Thoughts of an Internee" for him. He had read her book written on Borneo before the war. She finally did write for him a carefully worded edition, but all the while she wrote other notes on backs of labels, on old Chinese papers that tobacco came in, on the margins of old newspapers given them, and, when she could get it, on the paper belonging to Colonel Suga, the commander. She stuffed her little boy's toys with these notes, sewed a layer of them in his sleeping mat, stuffed his pillows and put them in tins which she buried under the barrack. Though the Japanese searched her things frequently, turning her suitcase inside out, and reading her papers upside down when they did not read English, and she lost documents, passport, wedding lines, bank receipts, everything—yet she did not lose these notes, and it was from these that she reconstructed the true story of her captivity. The notes were written secretly, sometimes after dark, by starlight, by moonlight, or no

light at all, but just by sense of feel. Many things she did not dare to put on paper, for diaries had been discovered in the men's camp and the authors, and others involved, had spent months in cells, or were executed.

Throughout the book are fascinating sketches made by the author, herself. One of these sketches is especially forceful, showing three scrawny looking women, hair bedraggled and dangling, clothes consisting of abbreviated, patched shorts and shirts, wooden sandals on their feet, with heads held high, defiant, and a fat Japanese officer standing nearby with hands clinched, while on the opposite page we read: "I have watched a Japanese officer walk away from a group of female internees. At a certain distance he hesitates, knowing what is going on behind him, questioning himself as to what to do. Turn back and catch them laughing? Shout at them and lecture them in Japanese upon the superiority of the Japanese over the white man? Make them stand at attention in the sun? Smack them? Or go quietly away and try to forget those abominable creatures? Indecision and indignity is in every inch of him: whatever he does, he's licked. He can shoot us, but he cannot shut us up."

It matters not where one opens this book and starts to read, it is well nigh impossible to put it down again. It is a living record of intense interest and written with humor, sympathy and sensitiveness. Do you think because the war is over, we should stop reading books that tell of the experiences of those who suffered more than we? I do not. I think only as we keep fresh in mind what those who suffered most, have gone through, and what must live in their memories forever, only thus will we continue to progress toward the kind of world they fought and suffered and died for. On an after-page at the close of the book, above a little picture of her son George, the author writes: "I believe that: While we have more than we need on this continent, and others die for want of it, there can be no lasting peace. When we work as hard in peacetime to make this world decent to live in, as in wartime we work to kill, the world will be decent, and the causes for which men fight will be gone." Those are the words of a woman who spent nearly four years in a Japanese prison camp, and who, when writing them, was expecting to return to the scene of that imprisonment this summer, if health permitted.

* * *

Our regular readers may remember that in the July "Liberalist" of 1946 I reviewed "The Autobiography of William Allen White," that great first citizen of Emporia, Kansas. And in January of this year, Henry Holt and Company published "The Selected Letters of William Allen White," edited by Walter Johnson.

Walter Johnson, while at Dartmouth College, decided that education was more important than the football he played. He was interested in history and government, and these interests led him to believe that William Allen White reflected the thought and movement of the Middlewest. Walter Johnson is now a member of the History Department of the University of Chicago and he had the unqualified cooperation of Mr. White himself in editing the letters.

The selection in this book contains the cream of the letters in the vast White collection, and to anyone interested in the growth of American democracy over the past forty or more years, these letters are a vast treasure house. They contain comments on the swiftly changing American scene by a man who became famous as the spokes-

man of small-town and rural America. They throw light on Mr. White as a human being, as an editor, magazine writer, novelist and biographer, as a prominent liberal Republican, and as a folksy, small-town, middle-class philosopher of democracy. One day Mr. Johnson told Mr. White that his best writing was not in his published materials, but in his letters. A twinkle appeared in his merry blue eyes as he said, "I think you are right. The reason is, that I write under no restraint in my letters." As one thumbs through these letters, it is like looking at a "Who's Who of America." There are letters to both Theodore and to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, to Senator Hanna, to Henry Cabot Lodge, and to Senator Borah, to Governors, editors and publishers. Here we find the most intimate outpourings of his heart and mind. Here is rich, delightful, sparkling humor, sagacity, wisdom, wit. Though he was known as a liberal Republican, he often broke party lines. To read any one of the letters in this book "The Selected Letters of William Allen White," would be to make you want to go right out and purchase the book, for not to have read it is to have missed something fine in American life.

* * *

Early in May we celebrated National Book Week. All over the nation the people were asked to read more, know more books and buy more books.

"Unity is probably one of the most important things which any nation has to build, and it can best be begun in childhood. It is possible to give children, through the books which they read, an understanding of races and religious and national background, not only in their own country, but throughout the world. In this way there may be built an understanding of human relations which will grow with the child and make him a better citizen of the world as he grows to maturity."

Every year the National Conference of Christians and Jews bring out a list of books under the general heading of "Reading for Democracy," and from this list I wish to mention a few books. If you wish to send to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Room 918, 203 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois, they will send you two complete lists: one of these lists is called "Books for Young Americans" and the other "52 Important Books that Every American Should Read." These lists will be helpful to young and old, and parents and teachers can choose from these lists books which they feel will meet the interests of the children in their care, both on the proper age levels and with due consideration for an individual child's interests. Under the first list I mentioned, below the heading "People Who Stood Up For Freedom," is Hendrik Willem Van Loon's book "Thomas Jefferson"; Jeanette Eaton's "Lone Journey," which is the life of Roger Williams; there is "Citizen Tom Paine," by Howard Fast. There are two books on George Washington Carver; and "Larger Than The Sky," which is the story of James Cardinal Gibbons, written by Covelle Newcomb; Jean Burton's "Garibaldi," and "Haym Saloman," Son of Liberty, by Howard Fast. There are fifteen books listed under the heading of "People Who Live Among Us"—titles such as "Star in the Willows," by Katherine Wigmore Eyre, a friendly story of a California Ranch and the friendship of two girls, one a Mexican, the other an American; and "Great Day in the Morning," by Florence Crannell Means, in which a young Negro nurse is the heroine; and another is "Told Under the Stars and Stripes," a collection of stories of boys and girls whose families came from all

countries to live under the "Stars and Stripes." There are a half dozen books listed as books "To Learn From," one of which is called "One God," and written by Florence Mary Fitch. It is an outstanding book about the three great religions of democracy which will help children to understand and respect the different ways people worship God. And there is "Glass House of Prejudice," by Dorothy W. Baruch, which I have reviewed in my lecture series this past season, a book which should be read by all young adults and their parents. There are "Folktales" from all parts of the world, and because these are the distilled essence of a people, they help us all to understand and enjoy each other better.

Now in the other list I mentioned, of "52 Important Books that Every American Should Read," we have books of fiction, of non-fiction, of biography, of books on education and books of poetry. There is Joshua Loth Liebman's great book which I reviewed this winter, "Peace of Mind." There is an excellent, simply written handbook, containing all the basic facts about the United Nations; its structure, purpose, powers and limitations, with graphic charts and the text of the charter; a valuable book for reference, written by Louis Dolivet. There is Leland Stowe's challenging book, "While Time Remains." There is a book highly recommended by Sumner Welles, Prof. James T. Shotwell and others, entitled "Nationalities and National Minorities," written by Oscar I. Janowsky. It is a small book, but expertly written and exceptionally good reading. The racial strains in Eastern Europe—breeding ground of modern wars—are highlighted and discussed with an eye toward resolving the conflicts generated by them. Under Biographies, there is Frances Perkins "The Roosevelt I Knew," a first-rate interpretation of the late President's character and personality during the thirty-five years the author knew him. This book will undoubtedly be one of the source books used by future historians. There is Ellis Gibbs Arnall's "The Shore Dimly Seen," in which Governor Arnall of Georgia speaks out in clear, forceful language. This great liberal leader of the south tells of his fight against the Klan, against reactionaries and the railroads. Then there is "Brandeis, A Free Man's Life," by Alpheus Thomas Mason, in which the author records the life and works of Brandeis, the son of immigrants. Women should be interested in "Anna Zenger—Mother of Freedom," by Kent Cooper, which is a spirited biography in novelized form of the first woman to conduct a newspaper. The author says, "Of all the names that should be recorded in American history, hers is the least known, or is not known at all."

On Education there are these books: "General Education in a Free Society," which is the report of the Harvard Committee; "Minority Problems in the Public Schools," by Theodore Bramfield, Prof. of Educational Philosophy, of the University of Minnesota, giving a first-hand study and realistic analysis of how school systems in seven representative cities approached problems of intercultural relations; "Democratic Human Relations," the sixteenth yearbook of the National Council for the Social Studies; also, the "Story of the Springfield Plan," and "Between Two Wars: The Failure of Education 1920-1940," by Porter Sargent. In the fiction list, is the great novel "East River," by Sholem Asch, "The World, The Flesh and Father Smith," by Bruce Marshall, the gay and tender story of a priest in a Scottish city and of his friends who wage violent war

against simple sins. A completely delightful book. There is "The Street," by Ann Petry, a kind of summing up of the things she saw and heard during six years in Harlem. The book shows what living in the ghetto does to Americans. There is "Act of Faith," by Irwin Shaw, containing twelve choice stories by one of the foremost masters of this art. Each story deals with the war, each has the suspense, the understatement, the emotional tension and the effective climax of Shaw at his best. The winner of the first George Washington Carver award, "Mrs. Palmer's Honey," by Fannie Cook, is about Honey Hoop, the most appealing character you have met in many a day. You read of her groping transition toward American citizenship. Under Poetry, we have on this list, "A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry," and three other books.

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I WAS glad to have errands to do this morning so that there was the opportunity to drive along the parkway. The sky was clear for a change, after many days of cold spasmodic rain, and the lake deep blue, all a-sparkle in the sunlight. Only an occasional dandelion has had courage to pop up its head these several weeks of cold spring weather, but this morning there were large spaces of lawn thickly carpeted with them, so golden yellow and cheerful, and masses of forsythias in bloom made a gorgeous and inspiring sight for winter-weary city dwellers. Had it even been a cloudy day the park would have appeared to be splashed with sunshine!

I noticed, too, that several boats (launches and yachts) had come into the harbor, parked in berths or moved to buoys—all glad evidence that folks are feeling hopeful with the dandelions that summer may be on the way, and want their lake craft in the harbor ready for use.

In spite of the fact we have had no spring, in a few days June will take her place on the calendar. June brings several red letter days—as well as June roses. There is "Children's Day," which comes the first Sunday. It was a happy day for me when I was a child. I liked the way we Sunday School children used to march down the church aisles singing songs, each carrying flowers or plants of some kind which were placed along the edge of the pulpit and which were gathered up in baskets after service and taken to children's hospitals and orphan homes. It was a sweet custom—I never hear of it being done nowadays. Then comes "Father's Day"—I think that should be a very important day—and the "Dad" in every home be made to feel by some

extra loving attention that he is appreciated. The majority of them merit far more appreciation and thanks than they get. They seem to be taken so much for granted. Yes—I think "Father's Day" should be just as important in the home as "Mother's Day"—there are exceptions of course—but so too are there exceptions with mothers.

Our nation celebrates "Flag Day" June 14, you know—or don't you? I fear a good many people never think of it at all! Every American home should display an American flag in the window, no matter how small. A very fitting tribute would be for each member in the family circle to repeat the pledge to the flag the first thing in the morning of "Flag Day" before going their several ways. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands,—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Make it mean something in your life.

June is a very important month to all our youngsters—from kindergarten age to university. It is commencement time all over the country—be it the rural school at the four corners—the palatial school of town and city—or the stately buildings of college campus—they all have an atmosphere of change and excitement, no more thriling to the college senior than to the eighth grader who reads an essay, is valedictorian, or just comes awkwardly to the platform to receive the white rolled paper tied with ribbon of class colors—the important diploma—from the principal's hand.

The step of advancement is made and they become a high school student with an added trace of dignity not distinguishable a month ago. The difference between them and the college senior is that, for the former, school days, study, work, play, fun, still stretch ahead of them, but to the latter it is a time of stepping out into life—a step fraught with more or less concern and tinged too with sadness as friends who have been together for all their college years quite possibly part to go in opposite directions, not to meet again perhaps for years to come—perhaps never. And it is a time of high ideals and exquisite dreams—a time too of first sweethearts—when hurts are very deep and happiness very intense. Yes—June is a month of dreams—illusive as the tints of dawn—as fragile as the wild rose—and as sweet as the scent of the garden at evening.

Shall I tell you another reason why I like Junetime? It is my birth month! And now I think we should turn our attention to the mail bag.

* * *

I come to several fine letters which have been on file since early in the year. Speaking of youth and commencement time reminds me of these two letters from young girls which I would like you to read. The first is almost, I might say, an essay on friendship, showing quite a serious trend of mind and certainly idealistic. She writes, after saying she had attended the church and often "listened in," as do also her parents, "I cannot help but hope that sometime in the near future you will find your way clear to choose for your morning topic the subject of friendship. What *is* friendship? What does it mean to be a friend? Is it wrong, or right, to watch one's friends step into a path which is a detrimental one without first trying to help them choose the right way? This is a subject of which people must learn as much as marriage and divorce, about which you preached tonight. For, as you know, friendship is also the basis for marriage in more ways than one. Some people no longer understand the meaning of friendship, nor the joy which the cultivation of such a rela-

tionship may bring to them. Their friendships are shallow and unmeaning, and their evaluation of the meaning of the word 'friendship' is becoming distorted through constant misuse. In the younger generation, to be quite frank, friendship is almost a thing of the past—replaced only by sex in its meanest sense. Perhaps a man of your influence and ability may be able to tie in friendship with some of your more pertinent topics—and I hope with all my heart that this may be so. Please do not think of me as trying to tell you which subjects are more important than the ones you have already chosen. I am only asking guidance and advice upon which the younger generation—myself as well as others—may act. We *need* such advice, Dr. Bradley! We are young, and, contrary to several general opinions, a great many of us are not too self-willed and stubborn to listen. Friendship is as much a foundation of life as the world itself. Friendship *is* life, and love, and happiness. Friendship means so much, yet it is understood so little—for misunderstanding brings war, and friendship brings, or tries to bring peace and harmony to the lives of everyone. It is not the end—it is merely the beginning. Very sincerely yours, Dorothy E. Davies."

* * *

The second one is from Springfield, Ill.—a high school student—who writes: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I am very sorry to say that I am unable to hear your daily broadcast, as I am in high school and have classes at that time. I have, however, heard the program several times and I like it very much. I am always eager to hear it whenever we do not have classes and am looking forward to hearing you during the Christmas holidays. I think it is a splendid program, as I also do your 6 p.m. WGN broadcast. Since last September when school started I have met several new friends and my girl friends and I now have all those who were not already acquainted with your program listening to it also. I am happy to say we are all deeply inspired by your friendly talks. Some people look at us teen-agers as a foolish brigade of 'bobby-socksers.' We are not like that at all. We are just as human and easy to understand as anyone else. I am quite sure you understand what I mean. We are pretty content and down-to-earth and we feel pretty good when people like you are understanding and helpful to us. I am greatly looking forward to reading your books 'Meditations' and 'My Daily Strength' which I hope to receive as a Christmas gift. If so, they will be very cherished possessions. Yours very sincerely, Lillian Cordier."

They are not all "joy-riding" or waiting to mob "Frankie" as he comes from the stagedoor!

* * *

Here is a lovely suggestion for a way to celebrate a birthday. What a really sweet, generous thought! Dr. Bradley replied personally to this and told her where he was sending the money so kindly given. The letter states: "I am one of your radio listeners and I have the highest admiration for you. I find the greatest pleasure in listening to your broadcasts. They are very inspiring, making a person believe and hope for a better future and the brotherhood of men. We admire you for your untiring devotion to that beautiful cause; we need more teachers like you, so impartial, honest, and just. May God bless you for your wonderful work. Today is my birthday. I want to celebrate it the right way by helping someone. I want to express my gratitude for such great abundance of God's blessings—good health, good job, many good friends, and other blessings that I can't

count. Therefore I am sending you ten dollars, partly to cover the cost of radio broadcast and with a few dollars I want you to help some needy person in my name. I know you are helping a lot of the poor people. Therefore I've chosen you to fulfill my wish. I know whatever you do with it will be for the best. I am giving this money as a token of love with a sincere wish to help. May God bless you, Dr. Bradley, and all your helpers in the splendid work you are doing. I remain sincerely yours, Miss C. Gralinski."

* * *

I have picked up from a great number of letters a delightful one, extremely interesting, not from an ordinary sense but with a first-hand closeup historical background. It was written after hearing Dr. Bradley's sermon on "Lincoln." We are grateful to Mrs. Fuller for giving us this interesting account. "Dear Dr. Bradley: This is to thank you for your interesting and valuable sermon of this morning. I was particularly thrilled by it as it was my grandfather, Col. Edmund Dick Taylor, who advised Mr. Lincoln to study law and who later was his advisor, being called to the White House when the Northern Army was unpaid. Grandfather, who established the first bank in the state (the Marine Bank of Springfield, which is still in active existence), suggested the issuance of greenback money, and this plan was carried out over the opposition of all the cabinet and particularly of Mr. Chase, who said he considered it a hazardous thing. Grandfather had many letters from Mr. Lincoln, and in one he called him 'the Father of the Greenback.' It is this money that we are still using. Both my grandfather and grandmother lived until ninety, and retained their memories, and I have often heard them talk of Mr. Lincoln with deep affection. They spoke of his frequent visits to their home and of his modesty and humility. Grandfather Taylor came to Chicago in the early thirties, being appointed by President Andrew Jackson (whose personal aide-de-camp he had been in the Blackhawk Wars) as land agent after the departure of the Pottawatomies. He sold the property at a dollar and a quarter per acre, and took the money in gold at night through the forest in his saddle bags without an escort, as it was not safe in Chicago and there were at that time no banks in the state. In later years he had a wholesale dry goods store and his two clerks were Marshall Field and Charles Farwell, later our senator. My own father, S. S. Hayes, was also tied up with the development of the city, being City Comptroller twice. He also wrote, as Chairman of Law Reform while in the legislature, both constitutions of Illinois 1848 (at Memphis, I believe) and 1870, the one still in use. I listen to your service every Sunday and always draw from it real inspiration and comfort, and I have sent your books to shut in friends. With very best wishes for your health and happiness and with the warm affection that hundreds of your unknown friends feel for you, I remain, most sincerely yours, Laura Hayes Fuller."

* * *

And now I bid you goodbye from Chicago and will chat with you next time from my favorite corner of the porch at "Arden" (weather permitting!) or it may be we will visit in front of the fireplace! In the meantime, don't forget to write. And a happy summertime to you! KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY ENGAGEMENTS

FOR APRIL

1—Radio address. WLS
Lenten Service. Erlanger Theatre
Radio address. WGN
Lenten Service. Peoples Church

2—Radio address. WLS
Lenten Service. Erlanger Theatre
Radio address. WGN
Lenten Service. Peoples Church

3—Radio address. WLS
Lenten Service. Erlanger Theatre
Radio address. WGN
Lenten Service. Peoples Church

4—Radio address. WLS
Lenten Service. Erlanger Theatre
Lenten Service. First Congregational Church
Radio address. WGN
Lenten Service. Peoples Church

6—Four Easter Services. Peoples Church.

7—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Advertising Men's Post of American Legion
Radio address. WGN

8—Radio address. WLS
Address. Borrowed Time Club of Evanston
Radio address. WGN

9—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

10—Radio address. WLS
Cut record for WGN broadcast of April 11
Radio address. WGN

11—Radio address. WLS
Radio address by transcription. WGN
Address. Sportsman's Club, Minneapolis, Minn.
Address. Minneapolis Outdoor Show, Minneapolis, Minn.

13—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Unitarian Service Comm. Mass Meeting, Peoples Church

14—Radio address. WLS
Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN

15—Radio address. WLS
Address. Chicago Round Table
Radio Address. WGN

16—Radio address. WLS
Cut record for ABC broadcast on "Prayer"
Radio address. WGN

17—Radio address. WLS
Cut record for WGN broadcast of April 18
Radio address. WGN

18—Radio address. WLS
Radio address by transcription. WGN
Address. Jefferson Center, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

19—Address. Municipal Art League.

20—35th Anniversary Services. Peoples Church

21—Radio address. WLS
Address. Morgan Park Woman's Club
Radio address. WGN

22—Radio address. WLS
Address. Chicago Rotary Club
Radio address. WGN
Address. Ushers Club, Peoples Church

23—Radio address. WLS
Address. WGN
Radio address. WGN
Address. Elks Forum, Waukegan, Ill.

24—Radio address. WLS
Cut records for summer broadcasts
Cut record for WGN broadcast of April 25
Radio address. WGN

25—Radio address. WLS
Address. Izaak Walton League of America, Marshalltown, Iowa

Radio address, by transcription. WGN
27—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Sunday Arts Group
28—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Izaak Walton League of America, Homewood, Ill.
29—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Wendell Phillips High School
30—Radio address. WLS
Reception. Consul General and Mrs. Gallienne
Radio address. WGN

CHRISTENINGS

6—Easter Sunday—Cheryl Louise Mary Dee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dee
Susan Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Drake
Norma Jean Emerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Emerson
Diane Lynne Fallentine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Fallentine
Sandra Nanette Galvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Galvin
Sandra Lyn and Wm. Robert Illing, Jr., daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robert Illing
Phyllis Gayle Magdefrau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wm. Magdefrau
David Harold Richak, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richak
Patricia Bernadette Schoonover, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Schoonover
George David Spiese, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Spiese
Bruce Theodore Timms, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Timms
Candice Lynn Yeargin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Yeargin
13—Fern Mary Dellaire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dellaire
20—Gary Lee Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald J. Phillips

WEDDINGS

5—Samuel Graziano and Vera Mueller
8—Peter J. Streitzer and Julia Sloger
12—Gerard Goldman and Georgia Stowell
Robert Holda and Virginia Theodore
Howard Mourer and Marcella Feig
13—John Litterer and Grace Curry
Harold Zeman and Marjorie Weeks
18—George Cook and Mrs. Sarah Brown
20—Homer Vassar and Helen Idelman
26—George H. Smith and Cora Wilson
W. Glen Taflinger and Charlotte Wickham
Raymond Parker and Patricia Graves
28—Kenneth C. Witherspoon and Evelyn Witherspoon

FUNERALS

5—Anton A. Brust
8—Mrs. Maud Foraker
9—George W. Griffith
15—Herman Thennes
16—John G. Lobstein
21—Jack Cone
28—Mrs. E. K. Roubinek, Jr.
30—Harry Haut
Dennis Edward Thomure

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD). Closing for the summer June 8th. Re-opening September 14th.....11:00 a.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall. Closing for the summer June 8th. Re-opening September 14th..... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium. Last rehearsal for the season, June 6th..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec'y, 1252 Glenlake Ave. (40), Bri. 5308

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec'y, 1434 Thome Ave. (26), Bri. 6914

MEN'S CLUB
Earl S. Neindorf, Sec'y, 1517 School St. (13), Lak. 7267

USHERS' CLUB
Karl H. Lemke, Sec'y, 3536 N. Bosworth (13), Bit. 3764

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB
(Meets on Notice)
Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School
George Young, Sec'y, 2426 Berwyn Ave. (25)

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Dir.
Summer address: Luzern Garden Theatre, Lake Geneva, Wisc.
For details of June activities, see page 23

THE CHANNING CLUB
Rosemary Sparks, Cor. Sec'y, 852 Lakeside Place (40)

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187 (Meets every Thursday in Anderson Hall)
Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742

CUB PACK No. 3864 of BOY SCOUTS (Meets every fourth Friday in Anderson Hall)
Gil Miller, Leader, 832 Montrose Ave., Rav. 5531

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service.....11 to 12:30 p.m.

WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations), Monday through Friday ..... 9:30 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

Temporary Headquarters and School
1642 N. Clark St. Michigan 7766

June Production

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN presents

"JUNIOR MISS"

by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields

Saturday Evenings, June 7, 14, 21 and 28

at the

Eleventh Street Theatre

62 E. 11th St.

Curtain 8:30 p.m.

June Drama Tea

"The Passing Show of 1946-47"

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN and The Players

in

Highlights of the Past Season

Special Music

Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church

Sunday, June 6

4:00 p.m.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

OPENING

NEW LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

Friday evening, June 27

and playing June 28, 29 and 30

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"

Thursday, July 3

and playing July 4, 5, 6 and 7

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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